29

ELIZABETHA TRIVMPHANS.

Conteyning

The

Damned practizes, that the diueliſh *Popes of Rome haue vſed euer ſithence her* Highneſſe firſt comming to the Crowne, by *mouing her wicked and traiterous ſubiects to* Rebellion and conſpiracies, thereby to bereaue her Maieſtie both of her lawfull ſeate, and happy liſe.

VVith a declaration of the manner how her excellency was entertained by her Souldyers into her Campe Royall at *Tilbery* in *Eſſex*: and of the ouerthrow had againſt the Spaniſh Fleete: briefly, truly, and effectually ſet foorth.

Declared, and handled by I. A.

Poſt victoriam gloria.

AT LONDON

Printed by Thomas Orwin, for Thomas Gubbin, and Thomas Newman.

1588.

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Highnesse first coming to the Crowne, by
moving her wicked and traiterous subiects to
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to hetrow perdiciose body of her la-
mentable and unhappy life.

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Post victoriam gloria.

AT LONDON

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1588.

To the Right Worshipfull, indued with all singularitie, Iulius Cæsar, Doctor of the Ciuill Law, chiefe Iudge of her Highnesse honorable Court of the Admiraltie, and one of the Maisters of the Requests to the Queenes most excellent Maiestie.

THE remembrance (*Right Worshipfull*) of the great courtesies I haue receiued at your euer boutifull hands, makes me ashamed (seeing my happe hath been so bad) as that I could in no time, sithence I first tasted of the aboundance thereof, gratifie your Worship with some token of my not-vngratefull heart.

Some, while they are too curious (or rather careles) in making choyse of duetifull requitals, purchase the crime of vngratfulnes deseruedly for their labour. And many nothing at all esteeming of benefites, or otherwise thinking them to come of course, cast the remembrance of the giuers courtesie at their heeles.

Misliking therefore the ouer-curiousnes of the former, and altogether condemning the vn-

gratefulnes of the latters forgetfulnesse, least I should make my selfe suspected to be of both sex, I present to your VVorships liking the first fruit that my barren wit yeelded. No gift (I confesse) because so vnworthie by reason of the ruffe and vnskilfull handling of the matter therein conteyned: but a Pamphlet greatly standing in need of your VVorships patrocinie, that by the protexion of so learned a Mæcenas, *it may be defended from the biting iawes of snatching* Carpers. *VVhich, if of your VVorships wonted bountie and neuer-ouershadowed clemencie, you shall voutchsafe, my studie shalbe how to prepare presents which may bee more beseeming your VVorships seruice, and my prayers to the Almightie for the continuance of this your obtayned happines, with the daylie increase of all worldly commodities, and in the end to graunt you eternall felicitie.*

Your Woorships in all humblenes, *Ia. Aske.*

To the gentle Reader.

WHen I considered with my selfe (Gentle Reader) of the sundry kinds of delights; of the fine wits yeelding most pleasant conceipts: of the diuersitie of inuentions, with the profunditie of euerye mans iudgement, I find that (thereby) this is the hardest world that might happen to grosse heads and greene wits. The redoubling of phrases running with words beginning all with one letter, in the amorous discourses of young Gallants, iointly with the liues of their inamoured Mistrisses: in Histories liuely desciphering fooliſh dotage ordinarily in old men and stale widdowes, with the inconueniencie of matching crooked old age, and wilie youth together are so commonly vsed; as they who spend their time, dull their heads, and bestowe their trauell in penning such bookes, are either thought to steale their inuention from othermens labours, or else accounted of as wittals, for spending their studies about such common deuises. But if any man write louing Songs, and amiable Sonnets, they, as fooliſh toyes nothing profitable, are of euery one misliked, if of famous mens actes done long agoe, they are tearmed lyes, and therefore to be reiected, if of things hapned in our dayes, the euents of those but now performed practises, neede no discourses to cause remembrance. What shall I say, the Booke-binders shops, and euery Printers presse are so cloyed and clogged with Bookes of these and such-like matters, that they

are good for nothing (as they ſay) but to make waſt-paper, whereby it falleth out, that through the miſpriſing of the *Authors* minds, and miſconſtruing of their meanings, with the innumerable ſwarme of *Momus* followers, that a man were better to go to plough one whole yeare, then to toyle his head but one moneth about publiſhing any of his ſtudyes. The conſideration whereof, hath been ſuch an impediment to the printing of this my Pamphlet (I tearme it ſo, not in reſpect of the matter there-in handled, but of the handling thereof,) that when it was (at the earneſt requeſt of one that might haue commaunded) both begun and finiſhed very neere with-in the ſpace of one whole moneth, I was after-wards three long moneths ſtudying, whether it were better for me to burne it, or to giue it to the Preſſe: which the rather happened, for that my proceedings were croſt by diuers backward euents. For firſt of all (after the finiſhing of it) when I had gone through with the Printer, ſo that within two dayes it ſhould haue been ready for his trade, there fell out a croſſe matter, whereby it was daſht for the ſpace of tenne weekes, then hauing intelligence of the commonneſſe of Ballads, with Bookes to this purpoſe, I reſolued my ſelfe to beſtowe this my Pamphlet on the fire. But crabbed *Fortune* (who euer hinders willing enterpriſes) through the intreatie of diuers of my deereſt friends, ſtayed my determinate purpoſe, by perſwading me that thoſe Bookes and Ballads did very little touch the matter my Booke intreateth of, which cauſed me rather to publiſh this my worke (intituled *Elizabetha Triumphans*) truely and effectually declaring the wicked attempts of the

diueliſh

diuelish *Pope*, with his damned adherents practised to the praise or dispraise of me it *Author*, then to let such broken tales, told in plaine Ballets, expresse the vnspeakeable actes, and wondrous ouerthrowes had against the *Pope* by this our royall Queene and her (by this made famous) *Island*. Committing therefore both this Booke my first worke, with my selfe a yong versefier to your liking, I desire nothing of you for my paynes, but that you will not condemne the beginning, vntill you haue read to the ending, and then of Gods name be free with your censure.

Fare you well.

Yours, as he would wish you his,

Ia. Aske.

E. *Elizabeth* sole rectrix of this *Land*,
L. Long time with thee hath raigned happy *Peace*:
I. In all thy deedes assisteth *Pallas* hand,
Z. *Zenobia* like thy *Fame* shall neuer cease.
A All other *Soyles* throughout the wondrous world
B Behold and see thy sweete prosperitie:
E Euen by thy force of late they soone were thrald,
T That falsly bragged of their dietie.
H *Honor*, with *Peace*, *Prosperitie*, and *Fame*
A Accord with thee, and highly praise thy name.

T Triumph (*O English people*) leap for ioy,
R Redouble oft the lawding song ye sing,
I In prayse of her, who banisheth *Anoy*.
V Vnto *Iehouahs* alters offerings bring,
M Mir, Franckincence, with euery sweeteſt flower:
P Play on your Timbrels, let your Cornets sound;
H Heaue vp your hands to him that giueth power,
A And did of late your threatning foes confound.
N No Traytors be, but honor still her name,
S Sithence for her sake *Iehouah* wrought the same.

ELIZABETHA triumphans.

I Write not of the labours (passing strange,)
Which Ioues base sonne with wondrous fame atchiu'd:
Ne of the actes, the neuer dying actes,
That English Kings haue done long time agoe.
But all my drift is to declare the deedes,
The famous deedes that this our sacred Queene
Performed hath, sithence Sol hath pass'd the Signes
Iust thirtie times, with those his shining lights.
Then mightie Ioue, who guides each mouing thing,
Direct my Muse to that thy flowing streame,
Whence flowe amaine both swéete and thundring words,
That with those words she may set downe both peace,
And warlike déedes this maiden Quéene hath done.
The royall state of famous English soile,
(Right happy made by this their noble Quéene,)
Declares the vertues of a heauenly mind,
Adorn'd with all the gifts which Nature can
Bestowe, on any of her déerest Nimphes,
So deare a darling is Elizabeth,
Renowned Queene of this renowned land,
Renowned land, because a fruitfull soile:
Renowned land through people of the same:
And thrise renown'd by this her Virgin Queene,
A maiden Queene, and yet of courage stout,
Through Wisedome, rare, for Learning, passing all.
Her mother tong is not her only speach,
For Spanish, Greeke, Italian, and French,
With Romans tong, she vnderstands and speakes,
Ne are these all, though more then may be found

In female ſex, except her ſtately ſelfe:
For other Vertues are (no leſſe of force)
Within her royall breſt and outward parts.
Her comely ſtature doth not Beautie want,
Ne Beautie is from ſéemely fauour barr'd,
But both of them do (in the higheſt degree,
Conioyn'd together) beauteſie her port.
Among the reſt, this muſt not be forgot,
(No leſſe praiſe-worthy then the other are,)
Which is. Although ſhe be by Nature weake,
Becauſe her ſex no otherwiſe can be:
Yet wants ſhe not the courage of her Sire,
Whoſe valour wanne this Iſland great renowme,
So great renowme as neuer Iſland had,
Which high renowme, as yet hath not bin loſt,
But farre inlarg'd through wonders paſſing ſtrange,
Which haue bin done next vnder God of heauen,
By rectrix of theſe famous Weſterne parts.

In the yeare 1558. began our gratious Soueraigne to raigne.

FOr firſt of all (which is not leaſt in force)
Whereby the ſpace of ſixe whole winter times,
The glittering Starres of heauen did nere appeare,
Ne Luna bright, for dimme and duſkie cloudes
Could ſhew her lights from out the Firmament:
When Darkenes ruled Queene of all the earth,
Then did a Wolfe (the Pope, a rauenous Wolfe)
By ſtealth breake in among a flock of Sheepe,
And there did ſlay, and hauing ſlaine, did glut
His greedie paunch, with their moſt guiltleſſe bloud.
But when Auror' had ſent abroade her lights,
And Phebus bright begun to ſpread his beames,
This Wolfe then feared longer there to ſtay,
But theeuiſhly did haſte vnto his denne.
This rauening Wolfe, this foule deceiptfull Pope,
Ye hates the light becauſe his deedes are nought.

But

But England ioy, O England thankefull be,
The Night is gone, and now the Day appeares:
The God of heauen, who knoweth euery thought,
And ruleth them by his eternall power:
The God of Gods, who is the morning Starre,
Which giueth light in euery creatures heart,
That God (I say) did see his wickednesse,
And seeing, would not let it longer last,
For by the Sunne, Elizabeth our Queene,
Whose vertues shine as bright as Sol it selfe,
By that same Sunne the Wolfe is put to flight,
And by that Sunne Gods flocke doth liue in rest.
From that bright Sunne, Religion hath her beames,
Which lightens those who did in darkenesse sit:
By that same Sunne, Sincéritie is plast,
Where heeretofore false Error ruled Lord,
Through that same Sunne Gods word is truly preacht,
And by that Sunne all Popish reliques burnt.

The true preaching of the Gospell vpholden by her Maiestie.

WHich happy change did cause the Pope to rage,
And put him sore vnto his shifting tricks,
He studies now how to renue againe
His credit crackt through this so foule a foile,
He beates his braines, he craues his Counsels aide,
And yet in all he striues against the streame,
But that his father Sathan (King of Hell)
His deerest friend, and wisest counseller,
Will haue him try, and see to what euent
His fond deuises will by practise come.
Wherefore the Pope, much like a crauin curre,
Who quarrell will with euery passenger,
But hauing had a knock for that his fault,
He seekes vnto his neighbour curres for aide,
Them once in sight (though speeding too too bad)
Ile leaue alone, and standing thence aloofe,

Paulus Quartus Pope of Rome.

Will euer barke, but neuer come to bite.
So doth the Pope, for chased by our Queene,
Whose valiant heart can not abide his brags,
From this her land, vnto his seate at Rome.
He sitting there, doth barke, and barking sends
1560 In all post haste vnto the land of Fraunce,
(Because he thinks the French-men sweet will
Be drawne to thinke that euery tale is true,)
With this Ambassage to the young french King.
This Popes Ambassage was to the King of Fraunce to this effect.
Salute King *Frauncis*, second of that name,
And let him wit, that by the contract made
Twixt him and *Mary* Queene of Scottish land,
His rightfull heire vnto the English Crowne.
And furthermore, we will he vnderstand,
That she who now by force vsurps the same,
Can lay no claime vnto that land by right.
Which forged tale did please the King so well,
Because he was of young and tender yeares,
And therewithall the counsell of the Guise,
His faithlesse friend, which prickt him forward still,
Did so preuaile, as that the french King sent
To Scotland diuers forces day by day.
Where landed, they do sore torment the Scots,
They rule like Kings, who do but aske and haue,
They waste their countrey, lauish out their goods,
Their houses burne, their liues bereaue with sword.
But when our Queene (a full of mercie Queene,)
The Duke of Norfolke sent toward Scotland against the French.
Had knowledge of their treason full of baine,
She readie made within a little space,
A companie of braue and valiant men.
The Duke of Norfolke was their generall,
Who did remaine at famous Barwick towne:
The Lord Gray of Wilton fought a battell with the French in Scotland.
And worthie Gray of Wilton noble Lord,
Lieutenant was. He into Scotland went,
And with his power did on the French-men set,
Where worthy Gray did so their forces quaile,

As

As wearie ſome they weare of handie blowes.
There did the French (who ſo triumph'd before)
Like ſcatterd ſheepe, for feare runne faſt away.
There might you ſée great ſtreames of French-mens blood,
And heapes of bodies, which by vs were ſlaine.
There men lament for loſſe of faithfull friends,
And women houle, who there were widowes made.
The children weepe, to ſee their mothers ſad:
And ſeruants grieue becauſe the children crie.
Theſe with their teares a running riuer make:
Theſe with their ſighes do fill the ayre with ſmoake.
Theſe with their noyſe do cauſe an Eccho ſound,
And make the Earth to quake and ſhake therewith.
Our gracious Quéene, who neuer thurſt for blood,
(When thus the French-men once had felt her force)
Did vſe a meane which nearer was to Peace.
For why? ſhe ſent Sir William Cicill Knight,
Her Maieſties chiefe Secretarie then:
But now by his deſarts and worthie deedes,
Lord Treaſorer of all this worthie land,
Accompanied with wiſe and learned men,
To parle with the French-men which were there.
Whoſe wiſedome did therein ſo much preuaile,
As at that time concluded was a Peace:
Whereby the warres of late fire-hote did end,
And nought at all redoun'd to Fraunce but ſhame.
This enterpriſe ſo peaceably perform'd,
In what I pray now doth the Pope triumph?
His hope quite fruſtrate ſome againſt his will
Makes him neglect to be at morning Maſſe.
He raues as mad, he curſeth Bookes and Beades,
All Pater-noſters quite are layd aſide:
His Images do want their wonted due
Of honor now, becauſe ſo ill he ſped.
Not any Pardons are diſperſ'd abroade,
Nor merie lookes on any of his Monkes:

A peace concluded betweene the French-men and vs, by the Lord high Treaſorer, thē chiefe Secretarie.

But dolefully (or rather doultishly)
He keepes his Chamber, free from any mirth.
Thus liues the Pope still mourning for his losse:
Thus mournes the Pope for want of better lucke:
Thus want of luck doth make him wish to dye:
Thus with his wish his death is come at last.

Pius quartus. installed Pope. 1561.

HE being dead, and for his soule a Masse
Next morning sung within his Chappell Church,
His Popedomship with Myter, Crowns & Crosse,
Are all bestow'd on Pius quintus grace.
A man (I wish) not lesse with enuie fraught,
(Although the daies wherein he liu'd were fewe)
Then was the man, which last before him raign'd.
For when he was installed in his seate,
He straight was troubled with the Popish pippe:
He cannot quench his thirst he is so drie:
But iudge for what: For English Martyrs blood.
He seekes thy bane, O England, thine he seekes:
He starues because h'is barred from thy flock,
(This English flock, Christs deare and sacred flock)
Where are his sheepe within a strong kept hold,
Where feede his sheepe of his most heauenly word,
Of that same Manna which did fall from heauen.
Where sheepheards are, who carefully them keepe,
As nere a Wolfe can hurt the poorest sheepe:
Though this new Pope doth now reuiue againe
Of Trent the Counsell, to that damned end,
By Legats sent to diuers forraigne Coasts.
Fiue Cardinalls with many Bishops are
To go about this worke, by Pius chos'de
To this intent, least that the glorious light
Which shines most bright among vs English-men:
Least that same light, Christ with his sacred word
Should cleerely shine throughout his placed globe.

The Counsell of Trent reuiued by this Pope this yere.

Whereby

Whereby the Pope withall his damned deedes,
His paynted Gods, his senceles stocks and stones
Should be forlorn'd, foreseene of euery one,
To let this good, and further that to bad.
These Cattel were from Rome disperst abroad:
But God of heauen, agaynst whose holy will
The Pope did call this Counsell wickedly:
That God did laugh to scorne his fond deuise,
And made it frustrate, and of none effect.
His Legats sent, are home agayne return'd
(To Rome I meane) but with as bad successe,
As had the French-men in their former deede.

The Queene of Scots found in England.

THe Quéen of Scots (who late was Quéen of France)
Consenting to the death of Iames the King
Of Scotland late, her husband too too true:
Was faine to flie for that vnnaturall deede
From that her natiue and long-holden land.
From whence escap'd, she tooke her passage thence
To this our land (to happie English land)
Where happely she was descri'd by chaunce,
But basely clad and with a simple traine:
And till the cause of this her landing here
Was truely knowne, she closely here was kept.
Yet had she all things for a Princesse meete,
For where of late she had no trayne at all,
But like a simple gentell did remayne:
Now hath she men with women at her call,
To runne, to ride, to do her any worke;
Now hath she sommes, great sommes of English quoyne,
To serue her turne at euery needfull time.
And yet for all these too too good deedes done
To her so bad, quite banish'd from all good:
By this Popes meane, she doth perswade the Duke
Of Norfolke to rebell agaynst his Queene,

He

The Duke of Norfolke perswaded by this Pope to rebell.

He drawne thereto, doth go about to bring
Great forraigne powers vnto his natiue soyle:
He seekes the death of his dread Soueraigne,
Whereby he may enioy her royall seate.
But (thankes to God) in steade of that he had
A Scaffold made, whereon he lost his head.
And now for this the Popes so bad successe,
He perished as had done all the rest.

Pius quintus Pope.

AND for although these Pecocks tayles were puld:
Yet doth succeede a bird of that same brood,
Who will not let to iet and braue it out.
He will not moue the King of Fraunce or Spayne
With forraigne forces, to inuade this land:
But butcher-like he sends abroad his Bulles,
To grase within a straungers fertill land.

1569.

Doctor Morton sent into the North parts of this Realme with a commission to the like effect.

This Pope affirmes: The Queene of English soyle
Hath lost the right of this her lawfull seate:
And by his power he will absolue from oath
Her Subiects, who agaynst her will rebell.
This this the Pope, and thus he stirres his stumps:
He thirsts for blood, and blood h'ile haue to drinke.
He will not send vnto his neighbour coasts,
For to reuiue a Counsell once againe:
But traytor-like he will his Pardons giue
To Rebells, rising in their natiue soyle.

Rebellion in the North.

This Pope doth send Magitians to her land
To seeke her death, by that their deuillish arte:

Pastral and Pliar, with D. Storie.

Yea which is more, h'il cause a deuillish doult
Of Fraunce, a Doctor (Parry I do meane)

Parry alias vp Harry was pardoned by the Queene, condemned for a violent vprore against Hare.

With smiling face for to discharge a Dagge
At her kind heart, who saued had his life.
See here the fruite of kindnes ill bestow'd:
See here a wight, worse then the doggest beast,
Ungratefull wretch, to Nature farre vnlike:

For

For Nature wil's we loue for loue should giue:
But thou(alas)by Nature neuer taught,
Didst seeke the death of this thy happie Queene,
Whose sacred life did saue thy dying death.
O damned villaine fostred by a Wolfe,
Borne of a Tiger,nursed by a Beare.
Nay worse then these,did nourish this foule impe:
For Belzabub by blacke Proserpina,
Could ne're haue had a deuill halfe so bad.
But what ensued thereof: but this of right:
The God of heauen,who searcheth euery heart,
And hath regard vnto the innocent,
Reueil'd their thoughts,their treasons did display,
Before they were by them in practise put,
And they who sought to spill her guiltles blood,
Did lose their blood,and Parry gain'd a rope.
These were the deedes of Pius quintus Pope,
Wherein the deuill had no little share:
But tooke great paynes, and for his paynes he had
The Pope himselfe,with all his Instruments.

NOw seeing Paulus nothing could atchieue
By Francis meanes:And also seeing that
The Northerne power got nought in Pius time:
An other Pope (Pope Gregorie forsoth)
He needes must shote as haue the others done,
But yet will haue his bowe and arrowes newe.
His marke is that,whereat the other shot,
But takes his aime from Ireland thereto.
Fitzmorises,with wretched Desmons Earle,
Were chiefest shafts which in his quiuer were.
With these same shafts he thought to hit the white,
And therefore plac'd them first within his bowe:
But ere he could vnlose the string thereof
And let them flie,whereat they leuel'd were:

Gregorie 13. Pope.

Rebellion in Ireland.

The mightie God did cause the warlike Gray
To blow a blast, yea such a boysterous blast,
As arrowes brake, and bowe in peeces flew,
And Pope himselfe constrayn'd to leaue his stand.

THis Pope though foyl'd, yet will not leaue off so,
But since that this his purpose will not fadge,
H'il practise now, as haue the other done,
By priuate traytors to reuenge his foyle.
And like a Foxe who takes his Cubbes abroad
Unto a place, where Pullen are at feede:
He thether come, will not go in himselfe,
But sendeth them, and sayes h'il keepe the watch.
Go, spare no blood (saith he) there is ynough,
Behead the Geese, destroy both Cocke and Hennes,
Leaue ne're a Chicke but shalbe motherles.
Which done, returne that we may all reioyce,
And glut our selues with their desired blood:
You for your hire shall haue your share therein.
The simple Cubbes lesse guilie then the Foxe,
Do straight beleeue their Sire is sure a God,
And thinke at least they shalbe Kings or Lords:
But as they went about their purpose meant,
In certaine trappes (which th'owner of that place
Had set, to catch the Cattell of that kind)
They fast were caught (a straunge and sodaine chaunge)
They call for ayde vnto their craftie Sire:
But he (forsoth) when as he heard the clappe,
Did runne away post-hast vnto his denne,
And leaues his Cubbes to shift to saue their liues.
Thus deales the Pope, a subtile dealing Foxe:
For when he hath with Popish Pardons sent
The Priests (his Cubbes) vnto this happie land,
Where is the foule whereat he aimeth still.
These Iewes-like Cubbes do seeke by all their shifts

1580. Edmond Campion and others, Priests.

To

To moue rebellion here agaynſt our Queene,
Theſe Catterpillers, perſons traytors borne,
Incourage then to kill her Maieſtie.
Theſe ſeeke to bring in ſtraunge and foraigne powers,
Which ſhould deſtroy their natiue Counterie.
Theſe publiſht tayles and lyes in euery place,
And blaſ'd abroad that this our Soueraigne
A tyrant is, (O damned enterpriſe)
When they them-ſelues forſaken of their Sire,
By law condemn'd, haue openly confeſ'd,
That nought they ſought, nor ought they could looke for,
Except the Queene did mercie to them ſhew.

Francis Throgmorton and the Earle of Northumberland moued to rebellion. Sommerfield moued to kill the Queene.

ABout this time did Phillip King of Spayne,
By this Popes meanes prepare a mightie power,
England therewith he would haue ouer-runne:
But Don Iohn died who ſhould haue meruels done,
Whereby he was debarr'd from that his courſe.
The Pope ſo grieues for this ſo bad ſucceſſe,
As h'is halfe mad with finding out new meanes,
Which once may quench his neuer-ceaſing thirſt.
H'il now leaue of his warlike kind of ſhifts,
And play a while the Gracier in his deedes.
He ſends abroad his Seminarie Prieſts
To driue his Bulls vnto the Engliſh ſoyle.
They being there within a fruitfull land,
Do fat apace, and to be luſtie grow:
They cannot liue vnleſſe they haue ſome Rowes,
By whom their courage may abated bee.
They bull them oft, and bulling get fayre Calues
Like to them-ſelues, within a little ſpace
Which grow ſo faſt, as within twiſe-three yeares
They able are to draw the Popiſh wayne.

Don Iohn died which preuented the King of Spayne his purpoſe.
1583.

1586. The Queene of Scots is chiefest instrument
This Pope doth vse soone after he doth raigne:
For by her meanes there were a companie
Of forward gallants brought vnto their ends.
Fourteene braue youths, with diuers other ars
By her intised to conspire the death
Of their thrise sacred and renowned Queene.
Proud Babbington with all his wretched crue,
Do seeke the spoyle of this their natiue soyle.
These with their friends will ayde such forraigne powers,
As shall to dare to land within this Realme.
These Catholikes (nay Catterpillers then)
Will set this Pope within his former seate
In England here, or els thei'l dye the death.
These by their oathes haue bound themselues thereto:
Oh Heauens: O Earth: O neuer-dying Fame:
Lament with me for Englands haples lucke:
Her haples lucke through these vnnaturall sonnes
Who seeke to ruine her their mother deare,
And lay in wait to slay their carefull Nurse
Elizabeth, their Queene and royall Nurse,
Whose milke her lawes (her sacred life-full lawes)
Was for them food, if that they would haue suckt:
Whose sacred lawes a cradle (none so sure)
Was for their ease, would they haue lien therein.
And last whose lawes did carefully them warne
Least they should fall, by payne which long'd thereto.
But these fond youthes (as wayward Children) did
Despise the counsell of their carefull Nurse,
And for the same they seeke her death (alas)
With the confusion of their mother deare.
These moued were for sacred Conscience sake
To do these deedes (a Deuill sure they were)
When they themselues did at their ends confesse,
For this their facts promotion they should haue.
I that's the Conscience which hath moued them

Babbington & his companie perswaded by the Queene of Scots to rebellion.

To

To séeke an alteration in this land.
The Pope he thinks he so deserues the place,
As nere he shall it get by iust desarts.
The youthfull Sirs so well esteéme of Fame,
As if they may attaine vnto her Court,
Thei'l spare no meanes how to obtaine that place.
The Queene of Scots desires to rule this Realme
With such whoate zeale, as that she doth not care
How many soules vnto Elizium
Are sent, so she the English Crowne may weare.
But marke the end which did ensue thereof.
As foolish Flies, which cannot rest at night
If that they sée a light within their sight,
But still will flie vnto the flame thereof,
Untill they haue themselues consum'd therewith:
So little power haue they how to resist
The burning flames which do ensue there-fro.
Or as a Bird, which being set to rest
Within a bush, when as he sees the light
The which the Fowler carieth in his hand,
Doth straight approach vnto the flame thereof,
Whereby h'is catched in his limed bush.
These foolish flies, these fond faceted birds,
These witlesse youths, these thursting paragons
Can not abide to see so cleere a light,
As be the beames which glide from this our Queene,
But still they storme, and enuie at the same,
And neuer cease till they consumed are
By those the fire-like burning flames thereof.
For Babbington with all his companie
Attainted were with these their traiterous actes,
And had the hire which is to Traitors due.
The Queene of Scots was guiltie found by lawe,
And suffered death for this conspiracie.

Babbington with his company executed.

The Queene of Scots beheaded.

1588 The raging Panther ſo abhorres to ſee
The maieſtie the which a man preſents,
As at the ſight thereof he frets and fumes,
And tryes all meanes how to deſtroy the ſame.
Yea which is more, if happely he ſpies
A painted man, he ſo enuyes thereat,
As nere b'il leaue till he defaced hath
The fained face which in the picture is.
This diueliſh Pope a Panther borne by birth,
No leſſe abhorreth our dread Soueraigne,
Her Maieſtie doth ſo offend his ſight,
As all his thoughts are how it to diſgrace.
The King of Spayne who as you heard before,
Debarred was from comming hitherwards,
Hath euer ſithence enlarged that his power,
Untill this yeare wherein it complet is:
In this ſame yeare of eighty eight, the King
Catholique hath (vnto the end he may,
In England here the credit of the Pope
Renewe againe) had from his holineſſe
Both money, men, with many of his Bulls.
In which he ſings the Coockoes ſong (all one)
Except this clauſe, He hath both diſpoſſ'd
Our royall Queene of this her happy ſeate,
And all her Nobles with graue Counſellers
Which ſhall alliant be vnto our Queene.
Eke all her Subiects who ſhall her defend
Gainſt Spaniſh King (the King of Catholiques:)
And alſo doth his Holineſſe giue power,
That this our Queene with all her ſubiects true,
Should euery one be put vnto the ſword:
And all their Lands with liuings he beſtowes
On vanquiſhers, which come to execute
His holy will, and diueliſh purpoſes.
See theſe the works of Chriſts Vicker on earth,
Who doth forſake his charge (the cure of ſoules)

A clauſe of the Popes laſt Bull.

And

And practiseth how to destroy both soules
And bodies of Christs deare and sacred flocke
Through this his damned dome in that his Bull.
Through which his Bull (much like the horned beast
Which sent the same:) the King of Spayne naught feares
But that he shall receiue his former seate,
In England heere, ere end of eighty eight,
And therefore hath imbarqued all his men
Within a sort of huge and warlike Ships.
Seauenscore and tenne of the best fighting Ships,
Which could prouided be within seauen yeares,
With all his men which able are to fight,
Are ready now to sayle to England-ward.
But when the Ruler of this little Isle,
(A famous Isle through this her Gouernour,)
Did vnderstand of this their whole pretence,
She was not slacke in mustring of her men:
For lesse then in the space of two whole moneths,
She mustered had out of all her Shires,
A hundred thousand able fighting men.
The Lord Haward her worthy Admirall,
Sir Frauncis Drake Vize-Admirall vnder him,
Lord Thomas Howard and the Sheffild Lord,
With diuers other forward Gentlemen:
To Sea were sent with all her royall Fléete,
To guard the Streights, and méete with that his Fléete.

The Lord high Admirall sent to Sea.

BVt least they should perhaps escape their hands,
And land their forces on her aim'd-at land,
A Campe of fiftie thousand able men,
Appointed should haue layne on Tilbery hill,
Where Leicesters thrise made renowned Earle
Lieutenant was vnto our royall Quéene.
And Sir Iohn Norris honor'd for his deedes,
Lord Marshall was among that companie.

A Campe on top of Tilbery hill in Essex.

Take

The names of the Officers of the field belonging to the Campe.

Eake Deuorax of Essex famous Earle,
Whose forwardnesse hath made his house renown'd,
Was Generall of braue fiue thousand horse,
Which should haue come vnto that royall Campe.
Sir Thomas Laiton chiefest Colloner
Of all the footemen which should thether come.
Sir Francis Knowles of the great Ordinance,
Was Mayster there (a place of great accompt.)
And Nicholas Dawterie (Captaine long agoe
For former deedes) her Seriant maior was,
Sir Roger Williams had the second chardge
Of Complet horsse, which armed Launcers bore,
And Robert Sidney Knight had equall chardge
Of braue light Horsse belonging to that Campe.
There Captaine Edward Yorke obtain'd the place
Of quarter-Mayster to the placed Campe,
And Captaine Crispe, her Prouish-mershall now,
Did beare that office in the royall place.
The regiments which out of euery Shire
Elected were, for this most famous Campe,
Except those Shires next neighbours to the Sea,
Did dayly marche by companyes thereto.
Now mightie Mars a stranger heere-tofore,
In armour bright with neuer-yeelding sword,
Commes brauely mounted on a foming Steede,
Whose trampling causeth such a fearefull noise,
As all the world is shaked with his power.
Now might you see the field late pasture greene,
Wherein the beasts did take their foode and rest,
Become a place for braue and worthie men.
Heere noble men, who stately houses haue,
Do leaue them voide, to liue within their Tents.
Heere worth' Esquires, who lay on beds of doune,
Do Cabben now vpon a coutch of strawe:
In stead of houses strong, with timber built
They Cabbins make of powles, and thinne greene bowes:

And

And where of late their Tables roſtly were,
They now do dine but at an earthie banke:
Ne do they greeue at this ſo hard a chainge,
But thinke them-ſelues thereby thriſe happy made:
For when there were a twentie thouſand come
Of braue footemen vnto this placed Campe,
And twiſe-tenne hundred well appointed Horſſe,
To ſerue with Launce, and Demilances there,
They all on heapes do make ſo braue a ſhowe,
As it was thought that then there were ynowe,
For to encounter with their lok'd-for foes:
Wherefore there went commaundement from the Lords,
Who of her honorable Counſell are,
That thoſe which were as yet not thether come,
Should ſtay from thence within their ſeuerall Shires,
Untill there came ſome newes of farther neede.
They thereby ſtai'd, do greatly greeue thereat,
And often ſay for that their hap is bad.
Yea which is more, there was a regiment
But of one thouſand men of Dorſet-ſhire
Which offered fiue hundred pounds that they
Might forward goe vnto the royall Campe.
And further marke. (I tell a right ſtrange tale,
I hard of one who was of great regard
In Tilb'ry Campe,) There ſerued with the reſt
An Eſſex-man, who was a Muſkater,
Who being met by one which neere him dwelt,
Was aſked why he ſerued with a gunne,
The ſouldier ſayd, my friend you are deceiu'd,
This is no gunne, a Muſket we it call.
The other ſaid, but ſir you haue enow
Of ſeruants who are very able men,
And might haue had performed this your charge
In better ſort then can your weakely ſelfe.
It is right true (replied the ſouldier then,)
I haue ſome ſtore of ſeruants at my houſe,

A regiment of a thouſand footemen of Dorſet ſhire offered fiue hundred pounds that they might go forward to the Campe.
An Eſſex-man a ſouldier, able to keepe in pay three moneths 500. men.

And (thanks to God) I able am and will
(If that our Quéene shall stand in any néede,)
Prouide fiue hundred well appointed men,
To serue where-as her Highnesse shall thinke good:
And they euen there at mine owne cost shall serue
Just three whole months, and yet will I my selfe
There like-wise be (as now a Pulkater.)
The fame of this her Subiects forwardnesse,
Did please so well our sacred Soueraigne,
As she desires to sée her placed Campe,
There-fore there was by her a downe-set day,
Where-in she would fullfill her purpose meant.

The Queene came to the Campe.

NOw came the day, the happy blisse-full day,
Where-in Aurora putting foorth hir head,
Hir curled head with wirey hanging locks
Of brightest Siluer, whence did newlie shine
Hir cleerest streames, and neuer-darkened lights.
The morning gray, wher-in the houering Larks,
(Whose sweete shrill notes recording hermonie
Resound with-in the heauenly creatures eares,)
Did notise giue to wretched Phaetons Sire,
To harnesse vp his fierce and furious Steeds,
To drawe him thence vnto his Westerne home.
From whose cleare beames once in his Chariot plast,
Did gladsome glimps as bright as burnisht Gold,
Shine all displai'd vpon the Waightie Globe.
On this same day, a faire and glorious day,
Came this our Queene, (a Queene most like her selfe)
Unto her Campe, (now made a royall Campe,)
With all her troupe, (her Court-like stately troupe,)
Not like to those who couch on stately Doune,
But like to Mars, the God of fearefull warre,
And heauing oft to Skies her war-like hands,
Did make her selfe Bellona-like renown'd.

The

The Lord Lieutenant notice had there-of,
Who did forth-with prepare to entertaine
The sacred Goddesse of this English soyle,
The order how, thus presently ensues.
On euery side of that directest way
From Block-house where she should be set on land
Unto the outward quarter of the Campe,
There ranked were both armed men and shot,
With Captaines, who of them had taken charge,
To entertaine their sacred Generall.
The other Captaines with their companies,
Still resident were at their *Corps du guard*,
Where-as they ranked all their arm'd-men first:
Behinde them were the shot in seuerall ranks,
With equall distance twixt the placed rowes,
Which made a passing braue and war-like showe.
The Earle of Leicester with those Officers
Which chosen were to gouerne in the field,
At water-side within the Block-house stayd
In readinesse there to receiue our Queene.
Who landed now, doth passe along her way,
She thence some-way still marching kinglike-on,
The Canons at the Block-house were discharg'd:
The Drums do sound, the Phiphes do yeeld their notes,
And Enlignes are displayd through-out the Campe.
Our peerelesse Queene doth by her Souldiers passe,
And shewes her selfe vnto her Subiects there:
She thanks them oft for their (of dutie) paines,
And they againe on knees do pray for her.
They couch their Pikes, and bowe their Enlignes downe
When as their sacred royall Queene past by,
In token of their loyall beared hearts
To her alone, and none but only she.
A troupe of braue and warre-like Horsemen did
(Conducted by Sir Roger Williams Knight,)
Meete with the Queene amid the way she came,

The order of the Queenes entertainement into the Campe.

The halfe whereof, which was fiue hundred Horſſe,
Moſt ſtately Steedes, made complete for the field,
With neighing ſounds, and fomed champing bitts,
Betrampling ſore the ground whereas they ſtode
Attended on her ſacred ſelfe. The reſt
Fiue hundred more (in nought to them vnlike)
Before her traine in ſtately order marcht,
Theſe ioyntly did with twentie hundred men
Which footemen were, our gratious Soueraigne guard,
Vnto the houſe whereas ſhe lay all night.
Whether once come, the horſe-men turned backe,
But all the reſt with her great Seriant did
Watch there all night alwfe her royall Court.
The ſouldyers which placed were farre off
From that ſame way through which ſhe paſt along,
Did hollow oft, the Lord preſerue our Queene.
He happy was that could but ſee hir Coatch,
The ſides whereof beſet with Emmerods,
And Diomonds with ſparkling Rubies red
In Chetker-wiſe by ſtrange inuention,
With curious knots embrodered with golde
Caſt ſuch a glimſe as if the heauenly place
Of Phebus were by thoſe his foming Steedes
On foure round wheeles drawne all along that way.
Thrife happy they who ſawe her ſtately ſelfe,
Who Iuno-like drawne with her proudeſt birds,
Whoſe tayles do hold her Heard-mans hundred eyes,
Paſſed along through quarters of the Campe.
Thus all along her Highneſſe like her ſelfe
Hath paſſed by her ſubiects (ioyfull made
Through this her louing and renowned deede)
From out the Campe vnto her lodging then,
Full three miles diſtant from that warlike place
Prepared for her to Maiſter Ritche his houſe,
With purpoſe meant for to returne next day
That way againe, the better it to view.

A thouſand Horſſe march behinde and before her Maieſtie.

Two thouſand footmen garded her perſon to her lodging.

Now

NOw when Bright-day was to her pallace gon,
And by that time had locked vp her lights
Within their place strong walled with cleere glasse,
To take their rest vntill the morning tide:
By this same time our sacred Generall
Was come vnto her new prepared Court.
There entred once and in their lodgings plast,
The Courtiers talke is of the warlike show
They sawe that day within the royall Campe.
Some praise the place whereas they camped are:
Some praise the discipline is vs'd therein:
And othersome the passing forwardnesse
Of Noble men, and Gentels lying there:
But all of them do say, the Souldiers are
Most comely men appoynted well thereto.
Thus with this talke, Time hasted fast away,
And wish'd-for Rest did come among them then,
Who bids them all vnto his loued house:
They willingly do yeeld to her request,
And euery one is come vnto her place:
The doore whereof was called Wearines,
And Drowsines hore name of her first roume:
The other were term'd Slumbers (passing sweete)
A Sound-sleepe was the name of that her house.
Her seruants who did entertaine her guestes
Were these, A mind free from all worldly care,
An earnest will, with A conuenient place.
The guests thus come at this their welcome ioy,
And there do finde all things they could desire.
But Enuie, who doth ioy in nought but warres,
Doth helpe to end this their so pleasant mirth:
For fearefull Dreames, with fooliſh phantasies,
The formost foes that quiet Rest torments,
Come first to make an hurly-burly there.
Then brightest Day the others Generall,

Doth banish Rest quite from her late-held house,
And leaues her guests vnto their day-ment deedes.

NOw by the time that Phæbus had beyok'd
His foming Steedes within their harnesses
To draw his bright and neuer-darkned lights:
The Captaines of the Campe with all their men
Did from their quarters with their seuerall charge
Come marching to the place prepar'd for Armes.
When thether come was euery officer,
A royall battell royally was set
With two most strong and braue Battallians.
The Vangard whereof by the Lord Marshall:
The Reerward by Sir William Knowles was set:
And last the Seriant Maior Generall
The Battell set in like most war-like sort.
Twixt euery fight their seuerall troopes of horse,
And two braue troopes did guard the outward Flankes.
The Battells set do march in braue aray
Both tw and fro the stately Generall,
Who now was come vnto the place of Armes
With all her noble and renowned trayne.
Where glittering harnesse giues such gleaming lights,
And from those lights reflecteth such a heate,
As Heauen and Earth with Planets greatly feare,
Least Phaeton agayne to Heauen was come,
And had obtain'd to guide his fathers lights.
The trampling horses with their mist-like breath,
Do fill the Ayre with such a sodaine smoake,
As Iupiter did feare least Terra was
New set on fire by that fore-named heate.
The Drommes, the Phiphes, the Trumpets passing shrill,
Do sounded yeeld such marching forward notes,
As Mars himselfe with all his train'd-vp men,
In Armes are prest, as if the Goddesse Peace
Were comming now to banish him the field.

A Battell set with two Battallians against her Maiestie came agayne to the Campe.

Which

Which war-like showe with that Mars thundring noyse,
So ravished our princely Soveraigne,
(Addicted only then to Marshall prowes)
As that she doth(her trayne forbid therefro)
Most brauely mounted on a stately Steede
With Truncheon in her hand(not dl'd thereto)
And with her none, except her Liutenant,
Accompaned with the Lord Chamberlaine,
Come marching towards this her marching fight.
In nought vnlike the Amazonian Queene,
Who beating downe amaine the bloodie Greekes,
Thereby to grapple with Achillis stout,
Euen at the time when Troy was sore besieg'd.
Ne had that wight (that thrise puissant wight)
Who well performd twelue labors passing straunge,
A brauer grace encountring with his foes,
Then this our Queene in that her marching pace.
Thus comes our Queene(our thrise renowned Queene)
A Generall beseeming such a Campe:
Thus comes our guide, a princely carefull guide,
In war-like sorte to see her warring men,
Who couched had their strong defensiue Pikes,
As if they were to fight at push thereof.
She nigh them come, they pitch their fore-couch'd Pikes,
And she stands still to see the Battell set,
With ioy to see her men to keepe their rankes.
Now Voada once Englands happie Queene,
Through Romans flight by her constrain'd to flie:
Who making way amidst the slaughtered corps,
Pursued her foes with honor of the day
With Vodice her daughter(her two like,
Who vying wounds with constant courage died)
Are now reuiu'd, their vertues liue(I say)
Through this our Quéene, now Englands happie Quéene.
For they no more did in those actuall deedes.
Thrise famous deedes through Cackes fatall fall,

The Queene leaueth her traine to go to see her battels.

With

With losse which there the valiant Planch'us lost
Their Powes shew, then did our sacred Queene
Here signes display of courage wonderfull.
For when our Queene (an Amazonian Queene)
Most carefully the Vauward had beheld,
She thence doth go the Reerward for to see,
And takes a view of it two strong set Flankes:
Homage done to her Highnes by the Souldiers. At whose by passing, Launce with Pike are bow'd,
And all yeeld reuerence to her sacred selfe.
Her officers with all her Souldiers there,
Do tokens shew of their made-ioyfull hearts.
She giues them thankes as had she done before:
Who nought haue done but what their dueties bid.
Her statelines was so with loue-show'd ioyn'd,
As all there then did ioyntly ioy and feare.
They ioy'd in that they see their rulers loue:
But fear'd least that in ought they should offend
Againſt her selfe, the Goddesse of this land.
Thus causing ioy and feare, she passed thence
With cherefull heart for this her late viewed sight
Unto the Tent of her Liuetenant there:
Were readie were in readines each thing,
Which could be fit to entertayne a Queene.
The Battell broke vp. The Battell set, is soone againe broke vp:
Where foming Steedes, right fearce and raging Steedes,
Now marching raise the lose and scattered dust:
As Sols bright beames, ne Ayre-much Azure-like
Within a space could be discern'd, so thicke
This rayled dust obluscated the light.
The companies asunder parted once,
Do now returne to whence they first were brought,
Where nought is heard among the Souldiers,
But how the Queene did lately shew her selfe
The only Empresse that on earth hath liu'd.

When

When Phœbus lights were in the middle part
Twixt East and West fast hasting to his home:
Our Soueraigne (our sacred blisfull Queene)
Was readie to depart from out her Campe:
Against whose comming, euery Captaine wait
There prest to shew themselues in readines,
To do the will of their high Generall:
There might you see most braue and gallant men,
Who lately were beclad in Mars his cloathes,
Inranked then in Court-like costly suites:
Through whom did passe our Queene most Dido-like,
(Whose stately heart doth so abound with loue,
As thousand thanks it yeelds vnto them all)
To water-side to take her royall Barge,
Amidst the way (which was the outward Ward
Of that her Campe) her Seriant Maior stood
Among those Squadrans which there then did ward.
Her eyes were set so earnestly to bide,
As him vnseene she would not passe along,
But calls him to her rich-built Couches sides,
And thanking him (as oft before she had)
Did will him do this message from her mouth,
Deliuered with full of wisedome words.
Which that it may not altogether be
(Through vnfit words hew'd from a stonie wit)
Obliterated to my vtter shame:
Ye sacred Dames, ye seauen-fold Nimphes (I meane)
(Whose thickie groues resound your heauenly words:
Whence euery Arte had first their seuerall names)
Be-bathe my temples with those peerl-like droppes
Which fall amaine from that your siluer streame:
That through your aide my wit now dulled sore,
May quickned be with that your flowing Arte.
Then shall I write in these my lines to riue
Her royall speech (though nothing like her speech)
Which in effect was it that here ensues.

The Queene went out of the Campe.

The Queene called her Seriant Maior vnto her, and deliuered a message.

The effect of the Queenes ſpeach.

We will them know that now by proofe we ſee
Their loyall hearts to vs their lawfull Queene,
For ſure we are that none beneath the *Heauens*
Haue readier Subiects to defend their right:
Which happines we coumpt to vs as cheefe.
And though of loue their dueties craue no leſſe,
Yet ſay to them that we in like regarde,
And eſtimate of this their deareſt zeale,
(If time of neede ſhall euer call them foorth
To dare in field their fearce and cruell foes)
Wilbe our ſelfe their noted *Generall*.
Ne deare at all to vs ſhalbe our life,
Ne Pallaces or Caſtles huge of ſtone
Shall hold as then our preſence from their view:
But in the midſt and very heart of them,
Bellona-like we meane as then to march:
On common lot of gayne or loſſe to both,
They well ſhall ſee we recke ſhall then betide.
And as for honor with moſt large rewards,
Let them not care they common there ſhalbe:
The meaneſt man who ſhall deſerue a might,
A mountaine ſhall for his deſart receiue.
And this our ſpeach, and this our ſolemne vowe,
In feruent loue to thoſe our Subiects deare,
Say *Seriant Maior*, tell them from our ſelfe,
On Kingly faith we will performe it there.
Which ſayd, ſhe bow'd her princely bodie downe,
And paſſed thence vnto the water-ſide:
Where once imbarg'd the roaring Cannons were
Diſcharg'd, both thoſe which were on Tilb'rie hill,
And alſo thoſe which at the Block-houſe were:
And there euen then the faire-white-mant'led Ayre,
From whence the Sunne ſhed forth his brighteſt beames,
Did cloathe it ſelfe with darke and duſkie hue,
And with thick Clowdes bar'd Phæbus gladſome ſtreames
From lightning then the Earth with glorious ſhew.

At

It powres forth showers in great and often droppes,
Signes of the griefe for her departure thence.
And Terra now her Highnesse fost-stole late,
Refuseth quite those drops desir'd before,
To moysten her dri'd up and parched parts,
And of her selfe euen then she yeelded forth
Great store of waters from her late-dri'd heart,
Now deeply drown'd for this the parted losse
Of that her sacred and renowned Queene.
But happie Thames (thrise happie at this time)
Turnes backe with speede his lately ebbing course:
He calmes his billowes raging sore before,
And makes it flow with a swift running streame,
And Æolus to him a friendly King,
Recals his boysterous Boreas to his den,
Sent late abroad with such sore thundring blasts
As be the cracks which come, when angrie Ioue
Throwes from his seate his hurtfull Thunder-boults.
Him he tyes vp within an hollow caue,
With three link'd chaines with huge and strong-made locks
Least that he should annoy her sacred selfe,
Who now was caried on the riuer Thames.

Diuers troupes of horsse shewed by her Noble men at S. Iames her Pallace.

Thele ioyntly thus conuay our royall Queene
Vnto her Pallace by S. Iames his fields:
Where resident her forward Noble men
Do orderly their forwardnes her shew.
There by her gates do every day passe by
Diuers braue troopes of well appointed horse:
They thether come, triumphant triumphs make,
And brauely runne at Tilt and Turny then,
To shew their prowes to our Goddesse there.

Thus they at home, thus they in Campe who lie,
With those who toall vpon the narrow Seas,

Do daylie looke, when those our look'd for foes
Will dare to tread, or looke vpon her land.
The Fleete of Spayne first descried by Captaine Flemming. Who now perchaunce by Captaine Flemmings happe
Descried were, fast sayling hether-ward
With such a Fleete, as neuer bore the Seas
So hugh a Fleete (except this Spanish-fleete.)
Now worthie Haward lodg'd in Plimmouth sound,
Most of the Fleete within the Hauen then,
(By his great care with much inquirie made,)
Receiuing notise by the fore-nam'd man,
Brought out the Fleete the same next following night
Into the sound by his incessant toyle.
Although the winde (the hurtfull Sotherne-winde)
Did blow amaine into the Hauens mouth:
A wondrous thing, and worthie right to note,
Which done (Aurora putting forth his hea[illegible]
With wirie lockes, the glimpsing light whereof
Did chase blacke Night vnto his darkesome caue)
The Generall with all his war-like power
Did hoyst vp sayles (yea all their helping sayles)
To meete with that the Spanish late-seene Fleete.
Thus arrow-like they scouring on the Seas,
Are within sight of that long look'd-for Fleete.
Now do they see the Spanyards Shippes on heapes,
In al things like a huge and popler towne:
Their bigge-made Barkes with huge and mightie Walles,
Like Churches are with steeples very high:
Their lesser Shippes like stately Pallaces
Which Princes build to keepe their braue-kept traine:
Their Gallies small like smallest houses stand,
Inhabited by those which meaner are:
In briefe, they all in nothing are vnlike
Vnto the Troians stately new-built towne,
Which nought did feare the Greekes bewrong'd by them.
Thus ride those shippes, the Spanish strong-made shippes,
Which nothing daunt our neuer-yeelding men,

But

But makes their hearts (before halfe dead for feare,
Least they would not fullfill the rumor noisd)
To leape within their bodies new reuiu'd
By this the sight of that discerned Fleete.

THence swift Disdayne, (disdaining Englands foes)
With worthy Ionas Captaine of her men,
By his three times made famous Generall,
To cry to them for Englands royall Queene,
Was sent forth-with vnto the Spanish Fleete.
Where strong Disdayne performed so her part
In that her charge late giuen to her care,
As all her foes her now attein'd-to foes,
Were halfe strooke dead at that her Captaines tale.
Although for shame they made no show thereof,
But in a bravery by the braue Disdayne,
Do offer fight vnto our readie Fleete.
And maruell not why they so forward were,
For Æolus (a full of pitie King)
Perceiuing well their dismall comming vpwne,
Kept in his Winds within their dwelling caue,
The dore thereof fast locked by him-selfe:
And quiet Calme was ouer all the Seas
To helpe their strength abated very much,
Whereby the Spanyards Gallyes safely might
Rowe to and fro t'indanger vs by fight,
The greatest helps they possibly might haue
Next God of heauen, who rules and guides both these,
And yet although their strength is swise as great
As is the Fleete which must withstand their blowes,
For that their Ships with chaines together linckt
Did seeme much like a faire and strong-built Towne,
But (as they sayd) ours were but Fisher-boats:
And lastly though King Æolus him-selfe,
With Neptunes Calme did aide their monstrous Fleete,

The pinnesse Disdaine went to call for the Queene of England.

Yet (thanks to thee, ô euer-liuing God,
The God of Gods, a carefull helping God
To those thy Saincts, thy wellbeloued flocke,
Who put their trust in none, but only thee:)
Thy seruant Haward through thy mightie power
(The Generall thereof, but too-too bold
In forwardnesse to finish dangerous actes,)
With those his Ships (with them but Fisher-boates)
Be battered the thicke bombasted sides
Of their most strong and tall at fighting Ships,
As most of them did carry messengers
Unto King Neptune ruler of the Seas.
The smaller part which made the greater haste,
Did Triton meete, his thundring Trumpetter,
Who bids them welcome towards his Kings Court,
And asketh them where all their fellowes are.
They like so well of this his Court-like speach,
As rauished they are with these his words,
Which make them turne to fetch their companie,
Who some-what slowe in that their warrant meant,
Were forward sent by Lord high Admirall
And Noble men, made Noble through their deedes.
There might you see the Arke by Rawley built,
With her defender, Generall of the Fleete,
Put in amaine amongst his thickest foes,
And there and then performed worthily
Such enterprises as he toke in hand.
And after him for his more safe a-gard,
Came noble Howard then a forward Lord,
In charging there his late triumphing foes:
Lord Sheffild eke though but of tender yeares,
Gaue place to none for forwardnesse to fight,
Nor worthie Drake, (no stranger to the Ships
Which Spayne doth owe) was quailed with their sight.
Ne Suthwell sterne, with valiant Frobisher,
Did there stand still to looke vpon the fight.

Certaine of the Spanyards Ships sunke.

But ioyntly these, with all them present there,
Do please so sore their now sore weakened foes
(Through fiue houres fight) as fayne they are to rest
The battered sides of their bombasted Ships
For space of one whole houre, and some-what more.

That time expir'd they fight afresh againe,
And ioyntly meete before the Isle of Wight,
Where then began a fierce and greater fight.
There Musket-shot discharg'd of either Fleete,
Did fall like haile into the raging Seas.
There Crosse-barres flew most liberally bestowed,
Which brake the sides of their late battered Ships:
And there was cast against each others foe,
A thousand balles of wild-fire mercilesse,
By which were sent great store of Spanish Ships,
To follow those that were to Neptune gone.
And least the first should troubled be too sore,
In comming backe to fetch this late-sent traine,
These meete with them halfe-way (their look'd-for friends)
Whence all make hast vnto King Neptunes Court,
Where they do finde such pleasant pleasing friends,
As neare they'l to King Phillips Pallace turne.
A world it is to see what messengers
They send to shew in what estate they stand,
For Spanish-fels with Spanyards dearest blood
Becheckereth the Sea with black and red,
As there no white could possibly be seene.
Don Pedro with his Ship and company
Did like so ill (the cause I know not why)
Of that the newes these messengers did bring,
As they do better Englands bondage like,
Then Neptunes Court from whence these lately came.
The other Ships in better case then his,
Do neither like their state, ne yet his choise,

The fight renewed before the Ile of Wight.

Don Pedro taken prisoner.

But

But thinke it best to trust vnto their heeles.
Wherefore they hoise vp all their Sayles at once,
And take their way to Callice Hauen, whereas
They lye at Rode, with often wishes that
They were againe in Spayne from whence they came.
Ours not farre off, do rest their toyled corps
Sore ouercharg'd by too-too forwardnes
In prosequting their late quailed foes.
Where for their deeves, their well-performed deedes,
Lord Thomas Haward, with the Sheffild Lord,
And Roger Townsend forward in those warres,
With Martin Frobisher (not a little knowne,)
Most worthie Gentells newly entertain'd,
By mighty Mauors, from Bellona Queene,
Receiu'd from her the gift of Knighthood there.

Certaine of our Fleete Knighted.

WHich deede performed, England was not slacke
In trying meanes which might anoy her foes.
For presently a wondrous Stratageme
Did then ensue, by her in practise put.
For certaine Ships of our worst English-Ships,
By Lord Charles Haward worthy Generall
Commanded, were forth-with then set on fire:
Which driuen thence through a swift running streame
Did fall among the Spanyards roding-Ships.
At which strange sight they so astonied were,
As they reioic'd that could the Cables cut,
Which fastned were vnto their Anchors rash.
This sudden maze which nothing setled wits,
Were chiefest cause of this their second baine:
For then each Ship on others cables foule,
And runne on rocks to their ensuing losse:
They hoist vp Sailes, and as they thether came
So hye they fast vnto the Northerne Seas:
These thus in flight are chased very sore:

English Ships set on fire by the Lord Charles Hawards commaundement.

By

By Generall of this our conquering Fleete:
Who Lion-like (ſufficed nere ynough
With Honors lawd) puriues his flying foes.
And Comberland a wondrous forward Earle
But new imbarkt, attayning to this flight,
Did shew himselfe, and shewing made them feele
His power, not felt before of Spanyards.
What shall I say, or what could that her Fleete
Performe in better ſorte then there was done.
Their Spaniſh foes with all that conquered Fleete
(Although they sayd that Engliſh-land was theirs:
And therefore when they first receiued word
That then but thirtie little Engliſh Boates
Could be deſcri'd, cried oft *Victoria*)
Are ſunke, are drown'd, are burnt with Englands fire,
And grounded lye before the French-townes Hauen.
The reſt (euen then remayning weakly) sayle
They know not whether, guided by their Fate,
Now chaſed farre beyond this Iſlands bounds.
Our little Fleete, our famous Generall
Doth shame to follow them that will not fight,
And therefore turnes his course vnto his charge,
Still sayling with an happie Sotherne-winde
Attaines vnto the same the Narrow Seas:
Where setting euery thing in needfull sort,
Left then the Fleete and hasted to the Court
Of his thrise sacred Soueraigne our Queene:
Whose welcome thether was as his deſarts
And famous deedes performed, had deſeru'd.

The Lord high Admirall goeth to the Court.

OUr gracious Queene (for this Gods mercie shew'd
To her, her land, through conqueſt ouer them,
Who came to seeke her death, and death of those
Who stedfast are vnto his holie word)
Doth yeeld him thankes deuoutly on her knees,

And wills her Subiects throughout all her land
To fast and pray for this his prouidence.
Sixtus Quintus now Pope of Rome. But Sixtus quintus Pope of whorish Rome,
Hath lost his Bulls, and hath his Souldiers lost
With credit crackt, and all in eighty eight.
And well I wit, what was the cause thereof,
Belike his Saints, him-selfe, and Cardinals,
With Friers, Monks, and Seminarie Priests,
Were all at Dice for Englands peoples goodes,
And quite forgot to fall to morning Masse.
Or otherwise, they told their Beades so oft,
And said so many Mattins to their gods,
(Their wodden gods,) as that they fell asleepe,
And so left off to perseuere in prayers;
Whereby their Saints at that time sleepie tw,
Did like-wise nod, and sued not to their gods.
Or lastly thus (which likest is of all,)
His Siluer scant, where-by his Crosses few,
And holy-water niggardly bestowed,
Did scarsly blesse his Souldyers going forth:
For which hard dearth the God of heauen (our God)
Did wash them all with-in his hallowed Seas,
Where plentie is of water like the Popes.
By which, (as by his goodnesse euer shewed
To England, where his little flocke remaines,
With alwayes losse vnto the hapelesse Pope)
His holynesse, with all deceiu'd by him,
Or instruments he to that end hath sent,
May now confesse with sore repenting heart,
That long ynough they all prouoked haue
Our louing God, to neuer ceasing ire.
But if his Father Belzebub that fiend
Hath bound the Pope so to his damned lore,
As that he cannot turne vnto the Lord:
Yet English-men Recusants, (ah I greeue
To tearme ye so because my Countrey-men,)

Despise

Deſpiſe his déedes, (his méere deceiptfull deedes,)
And turne your hearts vnto your ſacred Queene:
And with your Queene beloued of our God,
Turne to Gods word, and ſhunne the diueliſh Pope.
So God will ioy in this his little flocke,
And bleſſe this Land with ſtill increaſing ſtore,
Where-as he now like to a naturall Sire
Weeps ouer it, as once he ſhedded teares,
When that he ſawe Ieruſalem he lou'd.
Which (heauenly God) with three-fold Neſtors yeares
Giuen to our Queene, to Englands euer ioy,
Fullfill (I pray) with ſuch conuenient ſpeede,
As ſhall ſeeme good vnto thy holy will.

FINIS.

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